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it promptly, but with anything
you may wish from our

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lines than we have ever carried be-
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on earth will equal the Sohmer.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

From the New York Sun, Sunday, Sept. 26, 1895.—"The magnificent tones
of the 'Sohmer' swell out in sweet and sympathetic individuality, exceeding
all others."

From the New York World, Dec. 19, 1888.—"The famous 'Sohmer' pianos
combine a rich pure tone of great volume and rare quality, with a delicacy
and sympathetic responsiveness of tone seldom found in other instruments."

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Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 20.—In reply
to the pessimists, the preacher in this
sermon turns the brighter side of the
picture of our national life and shows
us that we ought to be thankful that
we are living in times that have under-
gone vast improvement since the "good
old days" of our grandfathers. The
text is Psalm iv, 8, "There be many
that say, Who will show us any good?"

The deprecators, the carpers, the
fault finders, the calamity howlers, the
pessimists, who, like the blind fish of
Kentucky's Mammoth cave, cannot
see the light of day, have an ancestral
record as old as the human race. They
belong especially to no one century or
generation. Their family connections
are not limited to the Caucasian race,
or to the Ethiopian, or to the Malay,
or to the red skinned American Indian,
or to the Mongolian, or to the jaun-
diced faced Chinaman. They are found
alike in the poor man's hut and the
rich man's palace, among the sailors
on shipboard and the citizens on land.
Like the Eskimos, they thrive well in
the temperate zone. They thrive well
in the boiling heat of the tropics. They
are found among all social classes of
all nations of all times.

Mythology placed a representative of
the class among the Greek gods on
Mount Olympus. His name was Mo-
mus, the god of fault finding and
mockery. He took pleasure in find-
ing fault with men. He found fault with
the gods themselves. He criticized
Vulcan because after he had made
man he did not place a window in his
house movable. He found fault with
Neptune because he did not place the
horns of the beast he had created
farther forward in his forehead, so
that he could fight better. He kept on
finding fault with everybody and
everything until at last the gods be-
came disgusted and drove Momus out
of heaven, because, said they, "heaven
can be no heaven with a chronic fault
finder around."

What the Grecian mythological gods
said in reference to heaven with
Momus in it is literally true. No so-
ciety on earth can be happy or content-
ed with a chronic grumbler around.
And yet, coming up to the glorious cel-
ebration of our autumnal Thanksgiv-
ing day of 1904, we find our pessimistic
Momuses everywhere. This is the
time when we ought to be making an
inventory of all our blessings, instead
of which these modern calamity howl-
ers are making a false collection of
misanthropic statements. They are
also making their pessimistic prophe-
cies. Not only are they saying that the
world is going to the dogs, but they
furthermore assert that it has already
gone to the dogs. "Why," they say,
"we have nothing to be thankful for
this Thanksgiving day. 'Tis true there
is more money in the world, more than
ever before, but we do not have it.
Our social, civic and spiritual condi-
tions for the great mass of folks were
never at as low ebb as they are today.
Who will show us any good?" they cry,
as the calamity howlers of my text
cried in David's time, thousands of
years ago.

Modern Times Versus Ancient.
Some of the modern fault finders
are trying to make our times out to be
much worse than were the ancient times.
I will pick up their challenge. They
ask, "Who will show us any good?"
I answer, "I will." And I will
show that the church of Jesus Christ
is better today spiritually than the
ancient church. I will show that modern
governments are better and the homes
are better and people in the mass are
higher toned morally and better. The
fact that a lot of chronic croakers
are going around saying that the world
is in the least poor, poorly fed, poorly
housed and clad, poorly clothed, poorly
educated and under the merciless heels
of despotic tyrants. As a rule, you
will find that those people who grum-
ble the most have the least to grumble
about.

The Momus of political life declares
that there is nothing in our national
life to warrant thanksgiving. He says:
"Modern rulers and legislators are self-
ish oppressors. They do not govern by
God's Golden Rule, but by force. The
code of civilized nations is immoral,
merciless and unjust. It convicts at
the crimes of government and con-
demns the thefts of a province. Strong
governments trample upon the rights
of the weaker governments. Within
these governments one social class
places the yoke of tyranny upon the
other social class. Within those gov-
ernments laws are not equitable and
they are also purer in thought. They
have higher ideals of spirituality and
morality than they ever had before."

It is easy to find fault with men and women to sit
down and criticize the pew, and sit
down and criticize the ways of
raising church money, and criticize
the choir loft, but I want to tell you
that the church of the Lord Jesus
Christ is not only purer in thought, but
that the leaders of the church, as well
as the common people are purer in
their spiritual lives.

More Tolerance Now.
There is more tolerance and human-
ity in the modern church. In ancient
times no mercy was shown by the lead-
ers of the church to heretics. When
they heard of men who differed from
the doctrines of the church they imme-
diately got together their thumb-screws
and instruments of torture. They start-
ed forth with sword and spear and bat-
tle-axe. They said, "If you will not be-
lieve as we believe we will cut out
your tongue and blind your eyes and
cripple your feet and burn your homes
and slay your sons and daughters." Read
the history of the persecutions. Read
the story of the massacre of St.
Bartholomew at Paris. Read the his-

tory of the dark ages. Look at Charle-
magne trying to convert his kingdom
by having the priests drive the masses
into the water like herds of cattle and
there baptize them by the wholesale.
Christianity became a matter of polit-
ical allegiance. Individual conviction,
spiritual purity, devotion to Christ,
counted for little in those times. Men
did not read or think. They accepted
without question the dogmas of the
leaders of church and state, some of
whom were men without principle,
openly immoral in life. Let us thank
God that we did not live in those
times. There is still much to be de-
sired. We are still far from Christ's
ideal, but as we read of those times of
spiritual and moral darkness we realize
how far the church has advanced.

"Well," says some one, "what is the
good of going back to the dark
ages to find that the church of the
Lord Jesus Christ is better spiritually
today than it was in the past? Why
not try to draw your illustrations a
little nearer at hand?" The result is
the same. Conditions in the early part
of the last century were in startling
contrast to those of today. The minis-
try in those times was largely made
up of men who entered at the top of
high up of men who entered at the top
of spiritual ground, but as a means of
making a worldly living. Their service
was mercenary and lifeless. Their
moral character was often reprehensi-
ble. The highest places were held by
men of genius but of Christless lives.
The clergy of those times were men
like Dean Swift, of whom it was said
that "when he was in the pulpit he
was so much a saint that he ought not
to be allowed to go out of it, and when
he was out of the pulpit his life was
so evil that he ought not to be allowed
to enter it." With spiritual leaders
of that kind, what could be expected of
the church?

So lax were the ideas of the Christian
church a hundred years ago that after
a presbytery meeting it was the usual
custom for the presbytery to adjourn
to a nearby tavern, and all the minis-
ters would there openly drink their in-
toxiating liquor the same as the ma-
jority of the sports of a race track
would now drink. The assistant pastor
of my Chicago church told me when he
entered the ministry every minister of
the presbytery which ordained him,
with the exception of one, publicly
drank intoxicating liquors. Yet he
furthermore stated that all the minis-
ters of his presbytery total abstainers
and out of temperance advocates, with
but one exception. Among the records
of a presbytery in the western part of
Pennsylvania I have been told that one
elder because that man on the day of
the laying of a cornerstone of the
church furnished a barrel of whiskey,
so that all who came to the corner-
stone laying could drink as much as
they would.

"Those Good Old Times."
I would sooner live in my present
modest home than in the damp rooms
where Mary, queen of Scots, had to
dwell. And as for the habits of our
grandfathers and great-grandfathers,
they were places of no living man would
now wish to live with for a moment. We
sentimentally talk about the adriatic
of the old fashioned fire hearth. Did
you ever try the luxury of one? Most
of the rooms of the old farmhouses had
to be closed in winter, because they
could not be kept warm. In the
bedrooms the ice would freeze in the
pitchers. In the kitchens our grand-
fathers would be hugging the fires and
burning their coat tails on one side of
them while they were having a whole
carnival of chills playing hide and seek
on the other side of their physical at-
tentions. Then our grandfathers, for the
most part, had the pleasure of dressing
without any woolen underwear next
to their skins. They had the luxury of
malaria fever, scarlet fever and diphe-
theria, which used to ravage almost
every house on account of poor water
and drainage. They had the luxury of
sitting up in the house at night and
using a small tallow candle light to
read by when they were not too dead
tired to read.

As for me, give me less of the poetry
of our old times and let me eat in my
home my three meals a day with
some other food besides ham, and let
me eat that food with a fork rather
than with the Queen Elizabeth, who,
upon her palace dining floor, made of
cold stones, had her food placed before
her on the table, so that she might eat
the meats with her bare, greasy fin-
gers.

But, oh, if the well people, physi-
cally and mentally, are better off from a
temporal standpoint in this day than
our grandfathers' times, how much more
ought the sick to be thankful unto him
who is the Giver of all good gifts? Think
of the merited institutions which have
been erected for the invalids, called hospi-
tals! Think of all the marvelous wonders which have
been discovered or invented by means
of which pain can be driven away at
the point of the surgeon's knife or
cured by the physician's prescription! Think
of the merciful angel "anesthesia,"
who comes to the side of the oper-
ating table and lays the soothing
hand of benediction upon the twitch-
ing nerves and the agonizing brain! Tell
me, O sick man, that this is not a
better time to live in than those times
in which our grandfathers lived!

No Dental Chairs Then.
Then think of the mercies which
have come to us through the dental
chair. In olden times when a man had
a toothache he would go to the village
doctor or to the village blacksmith.
The forceps would embrace the aching
tooth. There would be a groan, a yell,
a kicking of the sufferer, and out would
come the offending molar. What was
the result? Among our ancestors it
was no exception to find a young man
or a young woman of thirty-five years
of age without a tooth in the jaw.
Think of the dyspepsia and other dis-
eases of the stomach which were then caused
by poorly masticated food. Some of us
complain because we have not all the
different kinds of food upon our tables
we would like to have. But in olden
times they not only complained about
the few kinds of food they had to eat,
but they also complained about their
sore gums with which they had to mas-
ticate that poor food. Many lives of
our ancestors were shortened because
prematurely, as King Solomon ex-
pressed it, "the grinders ceased, be-
cause they were few."

Then today make a big inventory of
the blessings of the modern public
school system of America. In olden
times it was the exception for the son
of a daughter of a home to have what
is called a liberal education. Yale and
Harvard and Princeton, then dignified
by the names of college, were in fact
nothing more or less than modern high
schools. These institutions and colleges
like them were very few and far be-
tween. Only here and there we find
that a young man was able to go to
one of them. The great masses of peo-
ple a hundred years ago were entirely
uneducated. If you do not agree with
this condition, go and study the old
documents kept among the Revolution-
ary records of Boston. You can see
them any time you go to Massachu-
setts. Almost without exception the
men who stood by Samuel Adams and
James Otis in the struggle for Ameri-
can liberties were practically unedu-
cated men.

But though a hundred or even fifty
years ago the man who had a liberal
education was the exception, the man
of the generation which is to come
after us who is an uneducated man
will be the exception. So perfect has
our public school system become, so
multitudinous are the American col-
leges of today, so prevalent are lib-
eral education everywhere, that an Abrah-
am Lincoln getting an education by a pine
knot will never again be known in
American political life. Now every
boy, every girl, can develop the brain
to the utmost. Now all our boys and
girls, by the magnificent system of
schools which we have, can see
selves for any kind of work that they
will. Oh, ye carping pessimist, do you
not see any blessing today in the fact
that you can educate your mind so that
you can daily be the associate of the
master minds of the centuries? Do
you not see a blessing in the fact that
Shakespeare and Burns and Scott and
Irring and Motley and Prescott and
Gladstone and Webster and Edison and
Millet and Raphael and Angelo and
Beethoven and Wagner and Thorwald-
sen can all be invited to your study
desk any night you will, to paint, or
sing, or chisel, or preach, or teach for
you? Education is the wings of in-
spiration which lift a man up so that
his horizon takes in all lands, all seas,
all worlds and all ages.

Is not the opportunity of developing
the mind and heart and the life of
man by education a great advance-
ment over the educational opportuni-
ties which were offered to the gener-
ations that are past and gone?
Thus at this glorious Thanksgiving
time I find the world is not only grow-
ing better, but it is better than it has
ever been before. I find we have a
better government, a better church,
better homes, better physical and men-
tal men and women and better chil-
dren to take our place after we are
gone. I find that God on this com-
ing harvest festival for what he has
done for us. May we pray to him to
give us strength to go on doing the
work he has given us to do, and may
the time come when our future work
may yield even far greater harvests,
mental, physical and spiritual, than the
work of the past and the present have
yielded. In thanking God for the bless-
ings of the Thanksgiving day of 1904
let us also thank him that as this
Thanksgiving is better than any an-
cient Thanksgiving, which our ancestors
lived, so we may employ all our tal-
ents and energies to make this world
even a better world in the future than
it is at the present time.

We are standing on the threshold.
We are in the open door.
We are treading on a border land
between the new work we are to do
and the old work we have done before.
Another year is opening.
We have passed the darkness of the
night.
We are in the early dawn.
We have left the fields behind us
or which we scattered seed.
We pass into the future.
Which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds.
The stones the surface mold,
May yield a partial harvest;
We hope for sixtyfold.

Then hasten to fresh labor.
To thrash and reap and sow.
Then bid the new work welcome
And let the old work go.
Then gather all your vigor,
Press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto:
"For God and for the right!"
[Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch.]

Italians in New York.
Food for the average Italian family
does not cost much; bread, macaroni,
beans, form the basis, with real, chick-
en, small pan fish and pickled fish and
salads for Sunday. Except bread and
macaroni, the food eaten is in small
quantities. To one who watches them
hourly they are a patient and certain-
ly a most grateful people. The small-
est thing done for them brings grati-
tude out of all proportion to the act.
They are excitable, but not quarrel-
some, suspicious and untruthful, but
they mind their own business better
than any people the writer has yet
found. They follow a leader without
question. It is the last quality which
makes the Italian voter the joy of the
district leader, the despair of the
statesman.

The women are as dead to politics
as a wooden cigar image. Election
evening it was suggested to three moth-
ers born in this country, and on the
street on which they were living, to
go to the roof and watch the signals
that indicated the returns. They look-
ed puzzled, then one politely asked,
"What is elect?"—Lillian Betts in Har-
per's Bazar.

Warts and Moles May Be Dangerous.
The members of the American Acad-
emy of Medicine showed much inter-
est in a paper by Dr. W. W. Keen of
Philadelphia on the dangers of warts
and moles. Dr. Keen compared a wart
to "a match that can produce a great
conflagration," and recommended that
all such growths be removed at once
while yet in the harmless stage.
The danger of warts lies in the fact
that after years of harmless existence
something may cause them to spread.
Out of twenty-five persons affected by
the malignant spread of warts eleven
died in spite of operations, sometimes
even amputations.
Dr. Keen's hearers agreed with him
that every wart and mole should be
destroyed at once and said that he
had done well in bringing the matter
to public attention.

CONFIDENCE UNDER WATER.

How This First Essential in Swim-
ming May Be Acquired.

A person who is timid about the wa-
ter can overcome the greatest part of
the difficulty of learning to swim by
the proper use of a wash basin.

The obstacle that nervous persons
meet in the water is not the conscious
fear of drowning, but an involuntary
nervous shock that causes them to
gasp for air even before their faces are
under water. It is this gasping for
breath that drowns people.

They cannot control the gasping, and
consequently they often snap for
breath when their mouths are under
water. As the buoyancy of a human
body is easily disturbed, a few pints or
quarts of water swallowed in these in-
voluntary gasping acts serve to sink a
person who otherwise would float long
enough for help to arrive.

Now, if a person afflicted with this
involuntary fear of getting under wa-
ter will thrust the whole face gently
into an ordinary basin full of water
every day and stay there as long as
possible it will be only a short time be-
fore the gasping sensation begins to
disappear.

Then a bath tub should be used, so
that the bather, lying full length, can
immerse the entire head. At first this
will bring back all the old frightening
sensations of suffocation, but the at-
tacks will be of short duration, and
within a few days it will be found that
the total immersion can be maintained
for almost a full minute without dis-
comfort of any kind.

Once a person has learned how per-
fectly comfortable one can be under
water the first great step has been
taken toward learning to swim.

Many otherwise good swimmers have
never really acquired this calmness
under water. The result is that when
such a swimmer is caught in an under-
tow or a swirling current his con-
fidence leaves him as soon as he feels
himself dragged under the surface. In-
stead of diving or remaining motion-
less and so preserving his breath he
gaspes involuntarily and naturally swal-
lows water, and the choking sensation
at once forces him to exhale what
breath he has left and gasp again.

Confidence under water should be
the first lesson in swimming.

AN OFFER DECLINED.

Attempt of the Tweed Ring to Bribe
Nast, the Cartoonist.

A lawyer friend one day intimated to
Nast that in appreciation of his great
work a party of rich men wished to
send him abroad and give him a
chance to study art under the world's
masters. The friend was probably in-
nocent enough, an unconscious tool of
the ring.

Nast said very little except that he
appreciated the offer and would be de-
lighted to go but for the fact that he
had important business just then in
New York. He fancied that he de-
tected the far, faint odor of a mouse
under the idea, but he did not mention this
to his friend. On the following Sunday
an officer of the Broadway bank where
the ring kept its accounts came out to
Morristown to see Nast. He talked of
a number of things. Then he said:

"I hear you have been made an offer
to go abroad for art study."
"Yes," nodded Nast, "but I can't go."
"But they will pay you for your time.
I have reason to believe you could get
\$100,000 for the trip."

Nast pondered a moment, then:

"Don't you think I can get \$200,000?"
"I do. I believe from what I have
heard in the bank that you could get
it. You have a great talent, but you
need study and you need rest. Besides,
this ring business will get you into